

hey ghouls (it's ya boi) by hoppnhorn

Series: [do it for the buzz \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, M/M, buzzfeed unsolved au

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-12-03

Updated: 2018-12-03

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:07:30

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,857

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Who enjoys a thirty minute blow job?” Steve gripes as they walk around in the dark. “Really, that’s just *mean*.”

“This is a fucking waste of time.” Billy groans in front of him, shaking his head. His hair is down for the first time in months and Steve wants to reach out and grab a handful and just *yank*.

Because his boyfriend is being *literally* the biggest whiner.

1. Chapter 1

Summary for the Chapter:

“If you get shot, I will not help you.” Steve mutters as he stomps off, fiddling with his camera. Billy cackles and watches as he goes, licking the sugar off his lips.

Steve’s been lifting again and the definition in his ass is *worth it*.

“That’s not very nice.” He calls, trudging loudly in the woods. Honestly, he can’t pay as much attention to Steve’s ass as he’d like because there are so many goddamn *sticks* and shit on the ground.

He’s going trip and land on his face.

Billy is, actually, kind of excited for this stupid adventure.

Not because he thinks they’re going to find *moth men* in the woods, but like, he has *cookies*. Because the lady from the cafe had really liked him and he’s got this demented sweet tooth and he can’t wait to drive Steve absolutely *apeshit*.

Chomping on cookies while they’re supposed to be on the hunt for some big idiot with *wings*.

“You should put on a vest.” Steve says, waving the bright, orange thing around like Billy can’t already *see* it in his hand. “So no one *shoots* you, thinking you’re a deer.”

Billy snorts. Gets out a cookie and takes a big bite.

It’s still sorta warm from his pocket and it practically dissolves in his mouth. It’s fucking *delicious*.

“Do I look like Bambi, Harrington?” He asks, chewing with his mouth open.

Steve *hates* that. And suddenly a vest is being thrown in his face. Which, Billy doesn't even try to dodge.

Because, honestly, Steve will squat and give birth to a goddamn cow if he doesn't put on the stupid vest. So he sorta, haphazardly, drapes it over his back.

Barely.

"Happy?"

"If you get shot, I will not help you." Steve mutters as he stomps off, fiddling with his camera. Billy cackles and watches as he goes, licking the sugar off his lips.

Steve's been lifting again and the definition in his ass is *worth it*.

"That's not very nice." He calls, trudging loudly in the woods. Honestly, he can't pay as much attention to Steve's ass as he'd like because there are so many goddamn *sticks* and shit on the ground.

He's going trip and land on his face.

"Did you bring the thermal camera?" Steve calls back as Billy munches, looks in one of the many bags on his body. He's got like *twelve* because Steve is as high maintenance as a guy can *get* without being unbearable. Although he puts up with quite a bit because, to be frank, the sex is pretty fucking incredible.

Especially when Steve is pumped full of adrenaline and scared out of his mind.

He takes dick like a champ when he's freaked. And Billy, well, he's got a soft spot for his little fraidy cat.

"BILLY."

"Yeah, I brought the thermal camera, Jesus." He mutters, pulls out another cookie. He's not even really *hungry* but like, he's not in LA, Toto. He wants to eat his goddamn cookies while he can. "That and just about every fucking thing you *own*."

“Oh so you brought me an extra scarf?”

“Mmmm, no. But I brought lube.” Billy *jokes*. But like, he’d make due if Steve ever got that kind of freaky on him. Like, this isn’t exactly the tower of London, so, he’s not counting on Steve jumping him in the car on the way back to their hotel.

He figures his little picky prince will want a shower after wandering around in the woods. And probably *demand* that he check Billy for ticks or something.

“So you can fuck yourself?” Steve asks over his shoulder, but Billy can hear the smile. The little smirk on his tone.

That’s what started this whole thing. Their dumb little youtube partnership turning into a full-blown relationship.

Yes, *relationship*. Billy is totally okay with just fucking but Steve isn’t that kind of girl. He likes being wooed. And cuddled and like, loved.

Which, as much as he’d resisted, Billy does love the idiot.

Like, enough to carry around three hundred pounds of camera gear so Steve can carry *a single* camera in his hands. Besides, he needs to get his fucking exercise in somehow. The cookies are starting to pile up.

“Is that noise all you?” Steve calls over his shoulder and Billy coughs. Just to be a shit.

“No, it’s moth men. They’re loud breathers.” He chomps on the remaining piece of his second cookie.

“I swear to god.” Steve laughs. “You’re the *actual* worst person to investigate with. Why did I pick you?”

“Because I’m not stupid, like you.” Not that Steve’s *stupid* or anything, but he’s pretty freaking gullible. It’s almost cute. “One of us has to be sane.”

“Hey.” Steve stops dead in the woods, levels one of those stares at him. The wide-eyed kind that makes Billy want to giggle.

Instantly. “Did you hear that?”

“Is it a MOTH MAN?” Billy exclaims.

Because, seriously, he’s got a better chance of winning the lottery than finding a big bug.

“I remember.” Steve snorts, shaking his head. “I picked you because you were the only idiot available.”

“Uh huh. Sure.” Billy smiles *smug*. Pulls a third cookie out of his jacket. He’s in for a *great* night.

2. Chapter 2

“I expect head. Like, *great* head.”

Steve honestly wants to kill Billy. He’s about a minute away from doing it but they’re wearing *cameras* so there’s no way in hell he’d get away with it. Maybe later, when they go back to the hotel, but for now he’s stuck with listening to his partner’s dumb ass. Shouting about head.

In the cellar of a haunted pub.

“I hate you.” He grumbles, but Billy does a little dance. Less a dance and more of an ass jiggle, and Steve can’t help but snort. It’s not cute. It’s just *them* at this point.

And they have like, millions of viewers who watch their shit so somehow they get paid for it.

Thank god they have someone semi-decent at Final Cut Pro so Billy being incentivized by oral never will make it onto youtube. Honestly though, it’d probably only make their subscriber number go up.

“You’re a huge idiot.”

“Head, baby.” Billy says again, pointing a thermal camera right in Steve’s face. “I am carrying four of your fucking *devices* to capture ghouls. You’re giving me head. For like, a half hour.”

“Who enjoys a thirty minute blow job?” Steve gripes as they walk around in the dark. “Really, that’s just *mean*.”

“This is a fucking waste of time.” Billy groans in front of him, shaking his head. His hair is down for the first time in months and Steve wants to reach out and grab a handful and just *yank*.

Because his boyfriend is being *literally* the biggest whiner.

“You see me carrying three things?” He asks. Billy looks over his shoulder and makes a face.

“You’re carrying a phone, a camera around your neck, and that stupid radio *box*.”

“The box is heavy—”

“You are such a baby.”

Steve kicks at Billy’s calf and the tip of his shoe connects. In a scuffle, his best friend whirls and chases him back against a wall. His laughter echoes against brick as Billy cages him, leaning in until their noses are nearly touching.

“Turn off the camera.” Billy growls. But it’s not an angry growl. Steve nods and pokes the record button while Billy does the same.

And like, thank *god* they didn’t bring a camera man to this pub. Well, not that they didn’t *bring* one but Jonathan had caught some kind of stupid head cold and couldn’t go three minutes without sneezing so.

Billy is free to stick his tongue in Steve’s mouth the second he can, his hand down the front of his pants to grab at Steve’s flaccid length.

“Let’s fuck down here.” He says into Steve’s open mouth. “We have the place until four, no one’s here.”

“Except the ghosts.” Steve says.

And suddenly Billy is *howling*.

Laughing, Billy walks away shaking his head.

“You’re *ridiculous*.”

“Billy, this is a *haunted* pub!”

“It’s old, Steve.” Billy is almost out of sight before Steve can catch up, making sure to turn his camera back on. “It’s cold and smelly and *old*.”

“Billy, there are people who’ve been touched. Seen full body apparitions.”

And just as he speaks, a feeling courses through his body. Starting at his neck and down his back, he shivers and stops dead in the hallway, throat closing in fear.

Billy, however, keeps shuffling down the hall.

“It smells like mold down here. I better not get sick.”

Like, he’d actually agree, if he could find the ability to speak. He reaches into the dark, trying to grab at the space where Billy once stood.

“Steve?”

“Billy.” He whispers.

For five years he’s been going on these trips with Billy, but it never gets easier for him. Never. Not since Barb had vanished without a trace in high school. Not since Will Byers had gone missing too, only to wind up alive. His memories missing.

Ever since that year, Steve’s never been able to shake the sense that something is watching him in the shadows, right beneath the surface. Waiting to reach out and snatch him, when the time is right.

“Hey.” His boyfriend appears in the dim light and Steve swallows, his hands going to Billy’s waist. “Hey, what’s up?”

“Something touched me.” He manages to whisper and Billy grins.

“Oh yeah?”

But this isn’t one of those moments, not the lighthearted teasing moments that their fans adore. Steve can hear his pulse in his ears, can feel his throat pounding with each beat of his heart.

“Billy.” He wheezes.

And then his friend is there, arms around him, holding him tight. Granted, there’s a camera digging into his chest and Billy’s left hand is preoccupied by an audio recorder, but he’s holding him.

Firm and steady.

"It's okay. It's just a breezy basement." He says into his ear. "I'm right here, nothing will hurt you with me here."

Steve knows he's right. He does. But it takes him almost a minute to find his voice again, to let his muscles go slack as he curls around Billy's torso.

"Sorry." He murmurs. "It just...caught up to me for a moment."

Sure, some people would call him stupid for putting himself into the thick of his greatest fears. Some would tell him he deserves his panic attacks.

But he wants to know the truth. And he's not going to let fear stop him from finding it. Finding the *answers*.

"Wanna go back?" Billy asks into his cheek before pecking him lightly. "We got plenty of footage upstairs, this cellar isn't a big deal. Hell, I'll shoot something down here alone for five minutes and we can call it a night."

"No, it's okay." Steve says, shaking himself. Billy looks him in the eye, measures him like he always does. "Let's shoot what we planned. Then we can finish up and go back to the hotel."

Billy's feral grin returns and he wiggles his eyebrows. "We can kick the walking plague out into the hallway for a while." He leans in close to plant a little kiss on Steve's lips. He can feel Billy's warmth radiating through him, bringing him back to earth. "And I'll fuck the nerves right out of you."

"Yeah, sure." Steve snorts, pushing him away. But not far. Never far.

Billy cackles before he shuffles away.

"Keep up, Harrington. I want to cash in my half hour head card."

And, sure, Billy's kidding. But Steve groans anyway.

That's just them, after all.